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ing him to be dead, they immediately carried the intelligence to their commander—who instantly led his men towards the castle, which they surprised in precisely the same manner, as the Sept of the O'Byrnes did a few weeks before. The account of the apparition was obtained with great difficulty from the unfortunate Gallowglass, on the transient return of his senses. He shortly after became delirious; and ere the sun arose, poor Angus O'Carrol was no more. The "Red Spirit" had deprived him of reason and of life.

Many years after the period of this tale, there died at the residence of the celebrated Bishop Bedell, a venerable old man, who had been, for some time before, a pensioner on the worthy prelate's bounty. This man was much esteemed in the household of the bishop, for his upright conduct, and entertaining conversation; and many an evening did he entertain the domestics with stories of his earlier years—"for he had been a soldier in his youth;" but he ever referred to that period with a sigh, as time mispent in vanity and vice. He often spoke on the evil of lying, as an example of which he would relate the story of the Red Spirit. "It was not until long after," said he, "that I came to know how I had, by idle and pernicious tales, been accessory to the poor, simple, wild Irishman's death. The messenger whom I sent to the English encampment for the aquavite, was an old woman who had followed the O'Byrnes to the castle. In consequence of the intense darkness she carried a light, which on her return the high wind obliged her to keep beneath her crimson mantle, the hood of which she drew over her face, in order to avoid the rain—as long wear had given it a degree of transparency—that, with the assistance of the light, enabled her to see perfectly well through it; and the superstitious sentinel, his mind being filled with phantasies wild and terrifying, took this old wife for a spectre such as I had described; the consequence whereof, was, that he was so affrighted as to lose his life."

It is almost unnecessary to add, that this old man's name was Ralph Goldthorn. IOTA.

LYON, BISHOP OF CORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—In p. 327, No. 41 of your very useful and entertaining publication you have given an account of Bishop Lyon, (for Lyons, I presume, was a mistake of your printer,) whom you designate as "a remarkable bishop of Cork." I should like very much to know from the person who furnished you with that anecdote, or from yourself, what the authority for the statement is. I have heard the story before, but have never been able to get any good reason for believing it. I have seen the picture to which you refer in the Bishop of Cork's palace; it represents him certainly as wanting a finger; he is dressed, however, not in a naval uniform, as you have stated, but in a very scholar-like black gown. This little piece of inaccuracy, therefore, throws some suspicion over the whole story, especially as the account given by Ware is at variance with it in almost every part. In the first place, it appears from Ware that Bishop Lyon was vicar of Naas in 1573, vicar of Bandonston in 1580, and chaplain to Lord Grey, who came over as Lord Deputy in September, 1580. This is therefore apparently inconsistent with your statement that Queen Elizabeth took him from the quarter-deck to make him a bishop: he was at least in holy orders, and in possession of preferment in Ireland nearly ten years before he was raised to the highest order of the ministry. If therefore he was ever distinguished for gallantry in naval warfare, it must have been before the year 1573. But how is this to be reconciled with your account, that it was in action against the Spaniards that he attracted the Queen's attention to his merits? Surely no action with the Spaniards could have taken place prior to the year 1577.

Ware does not seem to have considered the Bishop as "remarkable," for any thing except such virtues and qualities as well became his order. The story of his sermon I know not where you got, and should be much obliged by your referring me to your authority. According to Ware, Bishop Lyon was first appointed to the see of Ross in 1582; in 1583, the sees of Cork and Cloyne were

given to him in commendam, and in 1586, the three sees were formally united in his person. He appears to have been an active and public-spirited man; although his income was small, (his bishoprics then being worth only £200 a year) he built a house at Ross, which cost him £300; and on its being burned by the rebels, he built another at Cork, on which he laid out £1000 of his own money. In the year 1595, he was appointed one of the Commissioners to consider the best means of peopling Munster with English settlements, and of establishing a voluntary composition throughout that province in lieu of cess and taxes: this does not look as if he was an illiterate captain of a ship. Besides this, we have the testimony of Primate Bramhall, (quoted by Ware,) "that Cork and Ross fared the best of any bishoprick in that province, a very good man, Bishop Lyon, having been placed there early in the Reformation." T.

The article above commented on, was sent us by a contributor, and was, as we supposed, original. On inquiry, however, we find that it was but an extract from a miscellaneous compilation called Jefferson's Selections, published in York in the year 1795. In that work the article is given as an extract from an old newspaper, which gave oral tradition as its sole authority. We are but little prone to the re-publication of mere extracts, and should not have given insertion to the article in question if we had been aware that it was not original. We have however in this instance no reason to regret the circumstance, as it has called forth the satisfactory evidences furnished by our correspondent of its want of historic truth.—ED.

THE WILD GEESE.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

I well remember, in my boyish time,
Once in the noon of some late autumn day,
When flowers had died, and all the woods grew sere:
I stood abroad, and gazed upon a flight
Of wild-geese, thro' the dark blue depth aloft,
Steering their skyeey voyage high in heaven;
As if from some far realm, to realm afar—
For their wild notes came down th' etherial steep
Even as the music of some foreign land.

It now seems strange: yet from that very hour
The love of travel entered in my soul.
These fowls, thought I, are last from India,
Or broad Euphrates, and the Persian streams,
And seek the populous empire of the Czar.
Haply the smooth Cayster's song-lov'd stream,
Or reedy Mincius, last hath laved their plumes;
Or from the vale where sweet Meander winds,
Or ancient Peneus glides—they took their way.

How gloriously they steer their fleet free flight
Thro' the thin azure! with their snowy wings,
Like specks of sunshine, starring the dark vault,
Sublimely high; far seen from many a vale,
And many a mighty city as they pass,
Making aerial music in mid heaven.

And O! the wild and lovely scenes and sights
They from on high survey! What shores and seas,
What summer islands yet untrod by man,
What woods, what lonesome lakes, what deserts wild,
Tanned mountain sides, and deeply shaded vales,
Hamlet, and town, and tower, and populous realm,
The bright South's empire, and the sunless North,
All swiftly roll beneath their travell'd sight.
And now they linger, now they journey on,
As fancy guides, and uncontrolled by laws.

'Twere a fair sight to see their baiting-place
That last lone spot—for lone the place must be
Where yon far flight shall rest: Or where at morn
They rose with sounding pinion, winding up,
The marbled steep upon their airy way. J. U.

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